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The Owl, vol. 1, no. 4

Santa Clara University student body

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Vol. I.

MAY, 1870.

No. 4.

THE OWL

DEVOTED TO

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, S. J.



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THE OWL

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THE OWL

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

VOL. I.—MAY, 1870.—No. 4.

EARTHQUAKES.

"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is my own."

Montaigne.

WHAT a fearful thing is the earthquake! The hurricane sweeps over the land and the sea; the storm, in its fury, drives the ark of man before the wild waves; the gaunt skeleton of famine stalks through the crowded cities, and her sister pestilence comes with her infectious breath to spread diseases amongst mankind: but these feared spirits of destruction, accompanied by all their trains of attendant evils, have not the power of the earthquake. The earthquake's ruin is the work of an instant; theirs of time, and even then incomplete.

Perhaps the principal region of the earthquake is in the lands of the south. It stretches along the base of the Andes; it crosses the continent of South America to the West In-

dies; it passes through the land of Mexico; and the fertile plains of Italy are included in the track. It seems that the earthquake loves to linger in the tropics, where nature stands revealed in the dazzling garments of beautiful flowers and foliage, where the breath of Heaven is soft and luxurious, and where the fruits of the earth spring spontaneously from the ground, and man has but to pluck to acquire. The earthquake forsakes the cold and comfortless north, to reside in the paradise of flowers; and he laughs with a wild glee to see the work of his hands, to behold proud man tremble before him, and to watch

"High towers and moss-grown steeples"

come toppling down on "old bel-

dame earth." He comes as a messenger of the Most High, to tear from the hearts of the inhabitants of the sunny south their idol of hope, that they could rest in their garden of Eden "without sorrow and without toil."

Who, then, is this ruthless destroyer, that forbids both man and earth to rest in peace? Science, notwithstanding her rapid progress in the discoveries of the phenomena of nature, has been stopped at the very threshold of the mystery of the earthquake. The time of her inquiry has been very short, though, and bright results may be looked for in the future. Let us glean, however, some of the knowledge that science possesses at the present day concerning this phenomenon.

The nature of the earthquake is at once conceived by its very name—a trembling of the earth. Dana, and many other eminent geologists, have defined the earthquake as "a movement or vibration of the materials that compose the earth's crust." Humboldt, in his celebrated work, "*Cosmos*," gives the following definition for both earthquakes and volcanoes: "The action of the interior of the earth on the exterior during the process of refrigeration." Perhaps it would be better to adopt the first definition, as the latter relates to the nature of the interior—a question, concerning which there is much discussion—while the former cannot be denied, and explains perfectly well the nature of the phenomenon.

Earthquakes have been divided into three classes, according to the movement that takes place on the

earth's crust. The first kind is the "undulatory earthquake." It consists in a vibrating movement; the undulation being sometimes slow and long, but most generally quick and short. It is commonly propagated in a linear direction; as from north to south, east to west, and *vice versa*. Sometimes, instead of a linear direction, the wave proceeds "in circles of commotion, or large ellipses, in which the vibrations are propagated with decreasing intensity from the centre towards the circumference." There are earthquake districts that are exposed to the action of several intersecting waves. For instance, in the north of Asia, Humboldt found "that the metalliferous portions of the Altai mountains were under the influence of a two-fold focus of commotion." These circles of commotion can exist and intersect without destroying or disturbing each other, as is the case in fluids. Humboldt even supposes that the phenomenon of interference may take place, as it does in the intersecting waves of sound.

The rapidity with which the earthquake travels over the earth must be modified according to the densities of the different rocky strata—as granite, porphyry, etc., and the alluvial soil through which the waves are obliged to pass. Mathematical determinations in regard to the velocity of the waves are very scarce, and much needed. We have a very exact result obtained by Julius Schmidt, at the Rhenish earthquake of 1846. He found that the velocity of the propogation was four thousand nine hundred and fifty-six geographical

miles per minute ; that is, one thousand four hundred and sixty-six feet per second.

The vibration of the undulatory earthquake begins gently, increasing as it proceeds ; and often the earth seems to be a liquid, rising and falling in waves of from six to twelve inches in height. The work is frequently thoroughly accomplished, though there is not as much danger to be apprehended as from the other kinds. The destruction, it is said, is much less, due either to the length or shortness of the wave, or to its slowness or rapidity, than to the uniformity of the motion. This is the belief of many travellers, and also of the inhabitants of South America, who, perhaps, have experienced more earthquakes than any other people. The city of Quito, for example, with its lofty towers and cupolas, suffers less than the villages of the low huts of the natives on the Peruvian plains ; although the shocks in Quito are more violent, yet they have not the same uniformity of motion in opposite directions as the shocks on the plains of Peru.

The second kind of earthquakes comprises all those that have a vertical motion. When they occur, the earth seems to be struck by a heavy blow, which is rapidly and successively repeated, until the force of the earthquake is spent. This earthquake is always accompanied by the undulatory, and they both seem to occur simultaneously. Its work is quickly done, and the ruin is very great, as nothing is able to withstand the concussion of the blow. Strong and well-built houses rise upwards,

and, crumbling, they fall in upon their occupants. Men are shot into the air, and fall, bruised and bleeding, on the earth. At Riomba, in 1847, the mine-like explosion of the vertical earthquake hurled a large number of the bodies of the inhabitants to the top of the hill Cullca, a height of several hundred feet. At the earthquake of Calabria, the fissuring of the ground was due to this motion, and the foundations of houses were flung into the air, and whole cities were tossed up, falling to the ground a mass of ruins. It was the work of a minute and a half.

The third, and the last kind of earthquake, is the rotary. It is a very curious phenomenon, and consists in the earth's communicating to the object on it a circling or twisting motion. It never occurs alone, but is accompanied by both the undulatory and vertical earthquake, and for this reason it is the most dangerous kind. Its work is sometimes so systematic, as to appear designed. A striking example of it was found in the Convent of San Bruno, in the village of Stevano del Bosco, Calabria. In the court yard of the convent there were two obelisks, and on looking at them after the earthquake, it was found that their pedestals had retained their original position, but that the two top stones of each obelisk were partially turned around, and removed about nine inches from their former position, without falling. The earthquakes of Calabria and Riomba present many instances of this movement : as walls twisted completely around ; houses even reversed

in position, and rows of trees turned from a parallel direction.

Thus far we have seen the nature of earthquakes and their kinds. We will now glance at the effects of this terrible phenomenon. This part of our subject we have divided into the five following branches: phenomena preceding and attending earthquakes; effects on man and animals; dynamic effects; thermal effects; and the connection between earthquakes and volcanoes.

The phenomena preceding and attending earthquakes have been so uniformly commemorated in history, as to need no very particular mention. They are generally a sudden calm, an oppressive heat, and a misty horizon. There exists a popular belief amongst the people of the lands occasionally visited by the earthquake, as in California and some parts of Italy, that the above phenomena are the inevitable signs of an approaching earthquake. This belief, like many other popular ones, is quite erroneous, not supported by the authority of inductive reasoning, and its fallacy is proved by the experience of all travelers. The earthquake comes when the sky is cloudless, the air clear, and the breeze fresh from the East; it comes amid the howling of the wind, the thunder's roar, and the lightning's flash—in winter and summer—and amid all the changes of the seasons, in the night and in the day. It has often made its onset without a warning, as was the case with Lisbon, a city that had not known an earthquake for over a century. At Caraccas, while the people were in their churches,

the earthquake came and sent thousands of souls before the God they were worshipping. Although this opinion has proved to be so false in many instances, still it is not improbable that in the case of violent earthquakes, some effects may be imparted to the atmosphere, which gives us a feeling of approaching danger. Such effects as those above mentioned, besides a reddening of the sun's disk, and an evolution of electric matter, have often been observed; but we must guard against considering these as necessarily connected with earthquakes; for in Peru, Chili, Italy, and Canada, numerous earthquakes occur unattended by any change in the atmosphere or sky.

It was formerly believed that the barometer could indicate the approach of a shock; but late careful experiments have shown that the barometer is not affected in the least, either preceding or during the shock. Humboldt has observed that the regularity of the changes in the declination of the magnetic needle, and the atmospheric pressure, remains undisturbed in the tropics when earthquakes occur. This has been confirmed in the temperate zone, by the experiments of Adolph Erman, at Irkutsk, near the Lake of Baikal.

There is one very curious phenomenon often attending or preceding the earthquake, which requires more than a passing glance—it is the subterranean noise so often heard. It has a hollow sound, similar sometimes to rolling thunder; at others, to the clanking of chains, and often to the rumbling of a heavy wagon over the ground. Its intensity does

not increase in the same degree as the force of the vibrations, neither does it always attend the shock. Not a sound was heard as the earthquake of Riomba, with rapid strides, neared its destination, where it caused the greatest ruin known in the physical history of our globe. The phenomenon of sound has been heard in places where no motion was perceptible, and after the actual shock had occurred. For instance, at the earthquake of Lima, in 1746, a noise similar to thunder claps was heard by the inhabitants of Truxillo, a quarter of an hour after the actual shock. The same thing happened after the earthquake of New Grenada, in 1827, when subterranean explosions were heard in the valley of Cauca for twenty or thirty seconds, and no motion was perceptible. In Caraccas, in the grassy plains of Calabazo, and on the banks of the Rio Apure, a tremendously loud noise resembling thunder was heard, unaccompanied by an earthquake, on the 30th of April, 1812, while, at a distance of six hundred and thirty-two miles to the northeast, the volcano St. Vincent, in the smaller Antilles, poured forth a copious stream of lava. We have another example in the year 1774, when an eruption of the volcano Cotopaxi was heard in Honda, on the Magdalene river, a distance of four hundred and thirty-six miles—Cotopaxi being eighteen thousand feet high, and the two places separated by a high mountain chain.

Whence does this noise come? Considering the great distance it has traveled, and the fact of its always appearing to be subterranean, it cannot pro-

ceed through the air, so we must conclude that it comes through the earth. This conducts me to quite a prevalent opinion, namely: that the earth is a bad conductor of sound. The solid earth, and especially strata, are excellent conductors of sound; burned clay, for example, is far better than air; and, in fact, solid bodies conduct sound with more rapidity than the air. In acoustics, there is a law laid down, that the denser the medium through which the sound travels, the farther it will go. This law then accounts for the sound being heard before and during the shock, as the velocity of the sound wave is generally greater than the earthquake wave. The noise, unattended by the shock, is caused by the sound wave travelling further or taking a different direction from the earthquake wave; the difference of time, as between the noise heard at one place and the shock felt at another, is due to the time required for the sound wave to travel the distance between the two places. The vibrations, beginning at a line of fracture in the earth, are propagated in the same manner, as the sound of a scratch of a pin at one end of a beam is conveyed to the other.

An unparalleled example of subterranean noise, without motion, is that presented by Guanaxuato. It seemed to the inhabitants of that city as if clouds were under their feet, from which issued rolling sounds and quick claps of thunder. It began on the 9th of May, and lasted for a month, subsiding very gradually. It was not heard in a basaltic district that was but a few miles from

the city. It produced a very peculiar impression of terror on the inhabitants of that city; in fact, this noise has always this effect. The issuing of thunder from the bowels of the earth, is something so strange and marvellous, as to make us believe it the work of a supernatural agent.

The effect of the earthquake on man, is to bind him with chains and deliver him a slave to fear. There is no disaster, no danger that terrifies the mind so much as the earthquake; no thought so awful as that of the solid earth trembling beneath us. Dr. Tschudi, in his work "Travels in Peru," thus describes the effect: "No familiarity with the phenomenon can blunt this feeling of terror. The inhabitant of Lima, who, from childhood, has frequently witnessed these convulsions of nature, is roused in his sleep by a shock, and rushes from his apartments with the cry of *misericordia!* The foreigner, from the north of Europe, who knows nothing of earthquakes but by description, waits with impatience to feel the movement of the earth, and longs to hear with his own ears the subterranean sounds which he has hitherto considered fabulous. With levity he treats the apprehensions of a coming convulsion, and laughs at the fears of the natives; but, as soon as his wish is gratified, he is terror-stricken, and is involuntarily prompted to seek safety in flight." To mankind, the earthquake seems to be a universal unlimited danger. You may fly from the lava's dreaded stream; from the angry flames of the devouring fire; from all other dangers there is al-

ways a hope of escape; but from the earthquake every avenue of flight is closed, and man's heart beats with fear. The volcano is confined to a small space, the earthquake spreads over immense territories. Guide your footsteps wherever you will, you imagine you are on the very brink of a chasm, ready to open and engulf you at any moment. This feeling of terror which the earthquake inspires is due, it is said, "to the sudden revelation of the delusive nature of the inherent faith by which we had clung to a belief in the immobility of the solid parts of the earth. From childhood we are accustomed to contrast the mobility of the water and the immobility of the soil on which we tread, and this feeling is confirmed by the evidence of our senses. When, therefore, we suddenly feel the ground move beneath us, a mysterious and natural force, with which we are previously unacquainted, is revealed to us as an active disturbance of stability. A moment destroys the illusion of a whole life; our deceptive faith in the repose of nature vanishes, and we feel transported, as it were, into a realm of unknown destructive forces." Once having felt a shock, the slightest unusual noise, the least trembling of the building we are in, summons terror to our hearts. Animals share in our disquietude. "The crocodiles of the Orinoco," Humboldt relates, "which are usually as dumb as our little lizzards, leave the trembling bed of the river, and run with loud cries into the adjacent forests." Horses, dogs, and swine are especially terrified. How often do we hear the

dismal howling of the dogs before the earthquake; how often do horses shake with sudden terror, while their riders look in vain for the cause, until the ruin of the earthquake is on all sides of them. It is said that the senses of these animals are so much more acute than those of men; that they hear the sound of the rumbling noise and feel the trembling of the earth before us. For this reason, terror amongst the animals mentioned, is often taken as a sign of an approaching shock.

We have to consider now the principal *dynamic* effects of the earthquake. There are several kinds, the first of which we will speak, is the fracturing of the earth. It consists in the ground opening and forming fissures and chasms, which are sometimes permanent, but generally not lasting. In the earthquake of South Carolina, in 1817, many chasms were formed; and Flint, the geographer, in traveling through the country seven years after, saw hundreds of them that had still remained in the alluvial soil. Calabria furnishes many examples. For instance, at Jerocarne the fissures extended in every direction, and resembled "cracks on a broken pane of glass." Near Opido a permanent chasm was formed, having the shape of an amphitheatre, being five hundred feet long and two hundred deep. In the district of Plaisano a ravine was formed that was a mile long, one hundred and five feet broad, and one hundred feet deep. The ground opens and then generally closes, engulfing men, houses, and even whole towns.

Father Kirchoff relates, "that during the Calabrian earthquake, he was looking at the city of Euphemia, when suddenly he saw it wrapped in dense clouds, and on the clouds clearing off, lo! Euphemia was gone, and nothing but a putrid pool of water remained to denote the site of a once flourishing city."

The formation and draining of lakes; the subsidence, elevation and displacement of land, are other dynamic effects. We will adduce a few examples. A lake was formed in the vicinity of Seminara, at the Calabrian earthquake, by the opening of a chasm from which water issued. It was called Lago del Tolfilo, and extended seventeen hundred and eighty-five feet in length, nine hundred and thirty-seven in breadth, and fifty-two in depth.

In South Carolina, in 1811, near Little Prairie, the ground was covered many miles in extent by three or four feet of water. Large lakes of twenty miles in length were formed in the course of an hour, and many others were completely drained.

Of the elevation of land by earthquakes, we have a very striking example in the year 1822, when the whole coast of Chili was raised several feet. At Valparaiso, the elevation was three feet; at Quintero, four; and the extent of country elevated is said to cover over one hundred thousand square miles. Of the subsidence of land caused by earthquakes, Messina furnishes an example. The shore along the coast, which was perfectly level before the earthquake of Calabria, after the shock, was found to be inclined towards the sea. The quay

sank down about fourteen inches, and the ground in the vicinity was much fissured. At Cutch, in 1819, the Delta of the Indus subsided ten feet, and the fort of Sindree was submerged.

The displacement of loose rocks is of very common occurrence, and caused even by some of the slightest shocks. The only example we have worthy of note, is the Blue Mountains, Jamaica, in 1692, which were rent and torn very badly.

The displacement of land—better termed inversion of land—however, deserves more mention. It consists in the transferring of one strata over or under another, and it is caused by a translatory motion, or penetration of several terrestrial strata. For instance, a peasant in Calabria who was tilling his land, was carried with the land to a distant part of the valley.

At Riomba, articles of one house were found under the ruins of another, and some things were found that had been carried to a distance of over six hundred feet. The people had to apply to the Grand Council of Justice to decide the proprietorship of many of these articles.

The third class of dynamic effects is the destruction of sea animals. This has often been noticed at sea; and various conjectures have been raised concerning the manner in which it is caused. The principle upon which it depends is very simple, and is the same as that by which a blow upon a frozen pond will kill the fish beneath the ice.

The fourth class of effects is one of the most terrible, and increases greatly the ruin—it is the “tidal

wave. Everyone has heard of it, read graphic descriptions of it; and anything further in the descriptive line would be out of place. But let us mention, however, some few examples. One was set in motion at Conception, Chili, and traveled across the ocean to the Sandwich Islands, a distance of six thousand miles, swept the coast of Hawaii, and deluged the village of Hilo. At Somida, Japan, an earthquake, in 1854, sent a tidal wave that was detected on the coasts of California and Oregon.

In 1755, at Lisbon, a tidal wave was caused by the earthquake, which was sixty feet high at Cadiz, forty feet in the Tagus, eighteen on the coast of Madeira, and it rose and fell eighteen times on the coast of Africa, near Tangier. In the earthquake of Peru, in 1746, a tidal wave swept the coast, deluged Callao and Lima, the latter being seven miles from the shore, and it destroyed twenty-three vessels in the harbor of the former, besides carrying a frigate several miles inland. The tidal wave of the South American earthquake, in 1868, carried the U. S. frigate *Waterloo* inland, leaving it high and dry three miles from the coast. To account for the cause of this effect, the following is the best solution we have seen: “Suppose a portion of the bed of the sea to be suddenly upheaved; the first effect will be to raise over the elevated part a body of water, the momentum of which will carry it much above the level it will afterwards assume, causing a draught, or receding of water from the neighboring coast, followed immediately by the return of the displaced water, which will also be im-

pelled by its momentum much further and higher on the coast than its former level."

The last class of dynamic effects would most probably comprise the destruction of life ; and this is fearful to contemplate. To think of the immense numbers swallowed by the opening earth ; the numbers killed by the falling of houses, churches, etc. ; those destroyed in the count-

less ships which the tidal wave has crushed against the shores ; the struggling mortals it has swept, screaming, into the sea ; the populated cities deluged by it—makes the number far above our power of calculation. Just try to imagine what the total loss would be, by the mere mention of the numbers of lives lost in one catastrophe, as ranging from fifty to one hundred thousand souls !

[To be continued.]

SAINT PHILIP NERI'S QUESTION.

O WORLDLY hearts close linked to gods of clay ;
O foolish feet that chase the flying beams ;
O spell-bound ears enraptured by the lay,
Ambition sings in false and fleeting dreams !
Pause in your worship, cease your senseless race,
List to the voice that drowns the syren's song ;
That hurls the idol from its lofty place,
And stays the tumult of the hast'ning throng.

"Proud plans are thine"—the holy Philip said,
To one low bowed o'er tomes of legal lore.
"Tell them, my son." The student lifts his head :
"I seek the gems in Learning's depthless store.
My hand would grasp the treasures of the wise,
And seize the wealth fair Science calls her own ;
From halls renowned would bear the gleaming prize,
And clasp the crown the victor wears alone."
The student paused—"And then?" still urged the Saint.
"Then power and fame and honors shall be mine.
Then fairer scenes than Fancy's skill could paint,
Of triumphs proud, upon my path shall shine."
"And then?" Again that question, low yet clear.
Still proudly shone the scholar's dreamy eye ;
Still sung the syren to his spell-bound ear,
And still Ambition urged his quick reply.

"Then all that wealth with magic hand can give,
My conquered boons, my boundless store shall be ;
In lofty halls sole monarch will I live,
King of all treasures of the earth and sea."
"And then?" A shadow crossed the shining brow,
Yet struggling still to cast its pall aside :
"To Death's stern mandate I at last must bow,"
Forcing a smile, the youth replied.
"And then? And then?" The syren song was still.
Dark fell the shadow o'er Fancy's pictures fair ;
Through that young heart swift sped a sword-like thrill,
And fairy scenes grew dim and blighted there.
"And then, my son, all worldly dreams must fade
In the dread radiance of an endless dawn.
Where, then, those hopes in rainbow tints arrayed;
Where those proud pageants? Gone, forever gone.
Will the false lustre of a lofty name
Dazzle His eye who sits upon the Throne?
Canst thou then sound the trumpet notes of Fame
To awe thy Judge, or still His sentence tone?"

O magic words! Ambition's reign was o'er ;
Its golden chains as ropes of sand were riven,
And the proud heart that sought its fleeting store,
To holier sway and purer search was given.

"MARIE."

TO ARIZONA AND DOWN THE COLORADO.

IN answer to a request, I have penciled the following notes of my recent journey to the Colorado river, and down its waters. It has been asked of me if we brought back skins of wild animals—if we saw much game. Bear skins we secured, and other trophies; but quail, rabbits, coyotes, antelope, deer, mountain sheep and mountain goats are so plentiful in south-eastern California, and of bears there is such a full supply in the San Bernardino mountains, that one need not think of running off to Arizona for them. The magnificent country our young men are to inherit, is just beginning to be known in all its fruitfulness. I did not make this trip for hunting game, but for looking up the resources lying on the two proposed lines of railroad—the one on the 35° parallel, the other on the 32°. It is only on condition that the boy part of my readers endeavor to interest their fathers in the matter, and make them quadruple the prosperity of San Francisco, that this sketch is given.

There were Indians in abundance; but we felt very little fear, for twenty men were with us, such as are gathered only in California—every one a mountaineer, with John Moss for guide and leader. To Gilroy the way lies by railroad; from Gilroy to Pacheco Pass by stage; and so up the San Joaquin valley to Visalia. The scenery at Pacheco Pass is very

beautiful, and in fine contrast with the broad San Joaquin Valley, now only partially cultivated, but capable of producing a hundred million bushels of wheat a year. There are fields in it, under good fencing, of fifty thousand acres—equal to the area of ten average English parishes. Antelopes graze in these fields that possess no more idea of a fence being around them, than the owners of such vast pastures have of there being a limit to their ambition. Enormous herds of cattle are collecting into one ownership for the purpose of monopolizing the market of San Francisco. Conflicts occasionally occur between the cattle and the farmers; the cattle look with no favor on a railroad, but the growers receive it willingly. You see all this in going to Visalia, where you hear an immense amount of profanity and blasphemy, that betray not only an absence of morality, but an utter innocence of Webster and the principles of the English language. Visalia and its surroundings are delightful—and delightful for an area equal to all the parks of England. A stroll through the graveyards, however, shows that the tombstones are becoming very numerous for so small a town; the index of a mortality attributed to a beverage materially different from its own excellent wine, the best, perhaps, the State produces.

From here the road passes through another place almost as beautiful—

Vandalia; thence it winds up Limas Valley, then through the heavily-timbered Greenhorn Mountains, and then transforms itself into a ford across Kern river. Though limpid as rock-crystal, the water contains but few fish; there seems not to be much for them to feed upon. Having crossed one of the prongs of the Sierra Nevada, through Walker's Pass, we leave running water, and with it our gladness of heart, as the Arabs say, and strike fairly into the desert. Two hundred and fifty miles further on we will again hear the ripple of running water in the Colorado. Every fifteen or twenty miles brings us to a watering-hole; but sometimes the water is so slow that all night is consumed in refreshing our forty animals.

Blessings often came single-handed, for we did not always find water and grass together. In case we discovered grass alone, we made a dry camp, turned the animals out to feed, and watered them at the first opportunity.

The whole country is not a dead level; small ranges, fifteen or twenty miles long, uplift themselves—some granite, others lava; marks of a great convulsion of the Sierra Nevada, and very appropriately called, Lost Mountains. North of our line of travel stood a range of snow-capped mountains. One of them, particularly high, I suspect to be the loftiest in the State.

At every watering-place quail sprang up, fifty or sixty in number, and all along the route the white ears of rabbits directed our guns to a profitable aim. We followed no tracks; made our own road with our five vehicles, and pack animals.

We continued in the midst of the same dryness and sterility, until we entered Death Valley. Here there is utter desolation. Salt and soda—nothing but salt and soda, in quantities vast enough to supply the world for all ages. Years ago crowds of emigrants died in this fatal valley, through thirst and refusal to follow their leaders and guides. Dante should have seen this place before writing his great poem. Even in Death Valley there is life. We stopped a day to rest at a thermal spring, which proved itself to possess remarkable curative properties; and at the head-waters of the Amargura there feed herds upon herds of deer.

A few miles out of the valley, on the old trail from Los Angeles to Santa Fé, we came upon some salt springs and the ruins of a quartz-mill erected in '51, and believed to be the oldest in California. It paid well, but the Piutes forced the miners away, and burnt the roofs of the adobe buildings.

From the mill we drove to Coyote Holes, on the Mormon road leading from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City. There was very little water in the holes, and this so polluted by the dirty coyotes, as to be almost unfit for use. The next night we rested on an abundance of splendid grama grass, but were obliged to make a dry camp. Here one of our men, who bore a great affection for whiskey, thinking he had discovered a bottle of that liquid, drank about a quart of a solution of sugar of lead, and it exhausted our two bottles of castor oil to save his life.

On the succeeding day, the twenty-second from Visalia, our small train

joined a tribe of Piutes at their winter camping-ground, by a spring on the cold side of a mountain. They behaved well, because we did. We lent one a Spencer rifle, and he went out and shot a fine mountain sheep for us ; others kept us supplied in small game. In exchange we presented them with a tired horse to feast upon. They eat such meat with the greatest relish ; it is the only means of disposal they have for the horses they impound from offending neighbors or strangers. The mountain sheep are surely the queerest animals on the Pacific coast. Their heads weigh fully as much as their bodies do. What refreshed us very much was, that we now had good water and grass, and an abundance of wood, and were only fifty miles from the Colorado river.

Up to this time we had seen no mines of any account ; it was very improbable we should see them "snaking" lost mountains, in search only of grass and water. There, for the first time on the trip, we found ourselves in the midst of a mineral formation—the south point of the White Pine range. We were in a country of silver, lead, and copper in abundance, and gold veins of moderate richness. The deposits of silver, lead and copper are already known to be enormous ; what they will prove to be when a means of communication shall be opened, it is impossible to surmise.

The soil has now become smiling with the various fibrous plants. The *mescal* springs up, an edible variety of the artichoke on a sweetened and enlarged scale. Here, too, is seen the

Spanish *bayonet*, the best cordage fibre known ; and of the palm and cactus families, almost every species. The prickly *cholla*, that seems to spring at the retreating horses, finds its home in this region, and shunned by every other animal, protects the nests of the mocking bird.

From this boundary of the desert to the Colorado you pass near the Mojave Indians. Heaven is called by them, in translation, "skull valley," where all good Indians will find, after death, a pot of meat perpetually boiling for them. Mt. Auburn, utterly barren, is the destination assigned to bad Indians.

In our course stood an abandoned fort, which had been erected by Uncle Sam's babies, as the Indians call the United States troops, to protect themselves while guarding the watering place. By far the most carefully fortified part of the works is the bakery. Probably some petty officer both commanded and baked.

In due time we came in sight of Camp Mojave. Our eyes rested on the muddy Colorado, and the narrow valley down which it flows ; the conical, sharp-pointed hills, called the Needles, through which, thirty miles to the south, the water finds a narrow pass ; and the magnificent mountain ranges of Arizona on the eastern side of the river. The Needles form the natural abutments for a bridge on the 35° parallel railroad. On account of the meandering of the river at every other point, and the shifting of the channel each year from one to fifteen miles, this is the only practicable crossing, until as far down as Fort Yuma, on the 32° parallel.

Even this latter is an inferior position, from the eating of the river into the west bank of the fort mound. But here is not the place for such a discussion.

The Indians are the principal object of interest. There are very good mining districts, however, in Arizona, near Mojave. On arriving at the camp, we first paid our respects to the commandant, who, among other compliments, invited us to come and see his Indians feed the next morning. Finding a soft floor in a trading-house, we slept upon it, and after breakfast next morning made our promised visit to the officer in command and his tribal family. The Indians were numerous and varied in appearance, but they did not seem to be over-troubled with food; still they were enjoying themselves—old men and boys engaged in a variety of games; some gambling with pebbles, sticks, and cards.

A large number of Wallupies had come in, with a chief at their head, to receive some flour. There were a few Yarapie guests with them, besides an Apache or two, who were either too modest or wise to reveal themselves. The tribes mixed together in their games, with the greatest friendship. The Indians appeared intelligent and remarkably well-formed, and kept their eyes wide open. They no doubt thought flour better than fighting; and the good Colonel, a small quantity of it, cheaper than gunpowder. I felt sorry to see so few Piutes present to receive rations. As I had passed through their country, I knew they were almost destitute, from the failure of the pine-

nut crop, and I learned that the Colonel had wisely cautioned them from coming near to the watering-places on the line of travel. It seemed ungenerous, for they had been driven to eat all their dogs—not one being left alive.

In so vast a region as northern Arizona, where there is room for half a dozen European nations, and the Indians besides, and where the commander of one or two companies has to supply escorts to everybody, and keep a number of men continually on fatigue duty, the policy of distributing food is an admirable one.

These forts or camps are seldom strong. They consist of a few scattered adobe houses, situated in a *mesa*, and could be most easily forced, did not a few muskets in the hands of determined men defend them.

Among the few white settlers outside the reservation, the arrival of the paymaster is the source of much excitement and some disorder. We visited the "Moss" and other leads in the vicinity, and received an invitation to take a trip to Prescott. We were assured that the first one hundred and thirty miles were perfectly safe; the remaining forty were more dangerous. However, the arrival of the steamer Cocopah relieved our embarrassment and ennui, and in the excitement which the great event stirred up in the fort, we respectfully declined the invitation to penetrate further into Arizona, for the present. To see as much as possible of Arizona, we thought there was no better course to take than to glide down the river dividing the two commonwealths, until we should reach Yuma, about

three hundred and fifty miles distant. Alas for hopes of gliding. The realization of our dreams extended to twenty-three days capstaning over sand-bars. We see through entire nature a complexity of hindrances to exercise all the faculties of man, which seems to be complete in Colorado river navigation. From May to October, the banks are full and flooded, with a current that runs at the rate of twenty miles an hour; from October to May, again, there is scarcely anything in the river bottom but boulders and sand-bars. It is a navigable river that is employed principally in freighting away its own banks, and filling up the Gulf of California with them.

The whole country east of the Sierra Nevadas, from the sinks of the Truckee, Carson, Walker and Humboldt, appears to be a portion of the great Colorado basin, and moving in the same underground direction. This river, in the light of day, is not only more interesting than the Nile, but the movements of its branches, terranean and subterranean, are a sublime problem. It is shifting a body of sand, probably a hundred feet in depth and miles in width. The basin of the Colorado has very evidently been a Mediterranean sea, the tail-end of which is now known as the Gulf of California. It is an elevation of the earth, formed by the wasting away of the waters, and the increase of land from the organisms deposited therefrom.

The sea is life, the land its cemetery:
In the now crystalline rocks, the fossils once
Were just as palpable as now they are
Upon the lea-shore, in the pulsed sea.

But enough of these matters from a non-professional geologist, and a few words more concerning the Mojaves. These Indians feel a great and just pride in their heads of beautiful black hair, which in ringlets extends to their waist. We endeavored to purchase a ringlet from one for fifty cents. He would not part with it for less than a dollar. Counting forty of these ringlets around his crown, the value of his head, in his estimation, was considerably inflated. I commissioned him to carry my baggage down to the boat, and gave for his services a flannel shirt I no longer needed in the genial climate I was about entering. We parted excellent friends.

We did not see the last of the Mojaves here, for they formed the working crew of the Cocopah. Their country, through which we were steaming, the Valley of the Colorado, is at most but a few miles in width; still they dare not leave it, for the mountain Indians, being much better warriors than they, would find them an easy prey. They have been living on a sort of acacia bean and grass seed so long, and besides being cultivators of the soil, they produce such excellent wheat and pumpkins, that they have almost forgotten how to shape a bow or an arrow. Their only weapon is a club, which would avail them little against the keen arms of the mountain tribes.

Many years ago, the Piutes conquered about one hundred and fifty miles of the California bank of the river, and still retain the lands and their own original language; but, after the fashion of civilized people, they have changed their name, and call

themselves "Chimehueras." The Piutes seem to have retained the same spirit with their Tartar cousins, for they conquer on every side. In some remote time past, they drove the Moquis into the cañons of the Colorado, where they still confine themselves, guard their flocks and herds, and quarrel only with their rival pastoral and manufacturing neighbors—the Marajoes.

We changed the Indian portion of our crew as we approached the boundary of another tribe. They keep a debtor and creditor life account, and are very exact in the conduct of their infernal business. The Chimehuera Piute will lie in wait for the Mojave; the Mojave Apache would kill them both; while the tall, handsome Yuma would look on with dignity and call them fools; and the keen Cocopah, taking advantage of their necessities, would make wampum of them all. Wampum is the Indian's gold. Indians are singularly like ourselves, and the sooner this fact is appreciated the better for us both.

God forbid I should ever kill an Indian, least of all an Apache—the most noble, uncompromising of the race. An ordinary intelligence should see that in one-eighth of the habitable area of the spheroid there is room for all. Strychnine in pork, Pinole treaties, treachery and black-heartedness on the part of our race, are converting these poor people's country into a military school, when every energy of the nation should be devoted to objects more worthy of its steel. According to the list of California volunteers in the graveyard at Yuma,

more soldiers are wasted here by disease than on the field of battle.

Why admire a race, or races, the tribes of which, undoubtedly of a common origin, are continually striving to exterminate themselves, and, as they imagine, us too? A long question, easily answered. The past dog-fight policy of the United States, with respect to the Indians, said, "Let dog eat dog;" as for ourselves, we deserve all we get. Counting a nation as an individual, it is hard upon the individual who has to suffer; still the blood rests upon past administrations, and a humane remedy may be expected from the present.

The Indian is free; he is not a gorilla; man to man, try him; he makes the stars his time-keeper; in conjugal and parental affection; in long suffering; in endurance; in native politeness; in hospitality; in physique; in natural history; in the last, and not least, virtue, bravery—try him, and he will not be found wanting.*

The mountain tribes of Arizona prefer death to a contaminating intercourse. The poor river tribes have to suffer both.

The scenery of the river is very interesting. About thirty miles from Mojave we come to the base of the Needles—a few pointed hills, like sentinels, guarding the river in its

**April 20th.*—I see by the "Bulletin" of to-night, under the heading of "Matters in Arizona," that a man has had his house burnt down, and barely escaped being shot, by the Wallupies. The facts are, that the individual is in possession, or was, two months ago, of a pretty, young, tattooed Wallupie squaw, who was presented to him by the officer who took her in a fight with that tribe. We saw her. What would white men do under like circumstances?

Such like acts account for all the so-called Indian outrages. The Indians have no press.

passage through a conglomerate cañon. On the side toward the Chemehuera valley—and on this side the railroad bridge will have to be built—they wear a much more majestic appearance than on the upper one. Spill a line of ink, and draw long lines from it, leaving a gap for the river, and you will have an excellent drawing of the Needles. During the fifteen miles of the river's course through the cañon, one form of grand scenery succeeds another in continual variety.

In Chemehuera valley the mosquito bean, the staple food of the Mojaves, grows very abundantly; and, what is more important to commerce, the land of the wild hemp is reached. This fibre increases in production, until, at the mouth of the river, it springs up as close as tules.

Below this valley, another beautiful cañon, called William's Fork, rears up its sides. Like those of the cañon already passed, they are of conglomerate composition—serpentine conglomerate. The higher hills are of a very red sandstone. The bluffs are magnificently lofty and precipitous. Here we stove a hole in the bottom of the steamer. As soon as we escaped from the cañon, therefore, we were obliged to beach her, and spend a couple of days in building a well around the break.

Twelve miles below our improvised ship-yard, we touched at Camp Colorado. The fort had lately been destroyed by fire, and the soldiers were living in temporary dwellings. The government is putting into execution here a project of digging a ditch from the Colorado, to irrigate some lands

below the camp. At present about a hundred and fifty Mojave Indians are employed on the work—at fifty cents each per day. The sutler was very confident in the success of the undertaking. The lands to be irrigated will produce anything if they but have water. So will almost all the soil along the river. The ditch is at present a heavy drain on the Treasury at Washington, and not on the Colorado. Where real estate is subject to annual movements down stream, the formidable difficulty presents itself of keeping sand out of the ditches and water in them. There appears to be a great torpidity in individual agricultural enterprise along the river; but this affair is in good hands.

From here, for many miles down the river, even as far as La Paz, we enjoyed a fine view of Monument Mountain. The monument is a natural steeple, which, the further you retire, the higher it appears.

La Paz, a small town, situated two miles from the water, on the Arizona side, is supported by pretty fair dry diggings, and is a few miles from some promising quartz-leads. A short way down the river is the rival landing of Ehrenberg, from which the Vulture Gold Mine, distant about one hundred and fifteen miles, and Prescott, passing the Vulture on the road, one hundred and ninety-three, are reached. This place, two hundred miles from San Bernardino, and one hundred and forty from Yuma, is the principal landing for Prescott freight. The week previous to our arrival at La Paz, the dry diggings in the neighborhood had yielded two nuggets of

gold—one of nine, the other of six ounces. With water they would undoubtedly prove extremely valuable. Below La Paz there is nothing of interest—nothing at all, save dreary desolation—until the traveler arrives within fifty miles of Yuma, when the Picacho or Chimney Rock rises into view. It is said that near it a good gold mine exists. Here are several natural abutments for a bridge, but the approaches appear to be very indifferent. The Eureka lead mines, on the Arizona side of the river, in metamorphic slate, are suspended, because unprofitable. Two miles lower, also on the Arizona side, is the residence of Dr. Phillips, who is prospecting a mine for a New York company.

The next object which particularly attracts the attention, is on the California side—a few volcanic, conical hills, carrying up gold boulders from the bottom of the river. They cover only a few acres, and their treasures are secured in an amphitheatre of greater hills. In a few weeks some Mexicans gathered three hundred thousand dollars in nuggets and coarse gold. Men were still carting down the earth, and washing it at the river bank. A convenient grade has lately been made for the conveyance of the earth. The place is named the "Pot Hole."

Castle Dome, about thirty miles off in Arizona, a mountain with three domes, or rather what appear to be basaltic columns squarely cut off, is now coming in sight. Good silver lead mines are worked there; and on passing the landing, some twenty miles above Yuma, we observed about

five hundred bags of ore on the bank, awaiting shipment to San Francisco.

At length we reached Yuma at the confluence of the Gila. The Colorado here contracts between banks apparently eighty feet in height. The river seems to be gnawing into the California bank, on which the fort stands; on the other shore its action is resisted. At that time of the year the Gila river is dry. On our arrival, we learned that five men had just killed each other in a quarrel—so that Arizona City verified the reputation we had received of it on our down journey. We paid our respects to the commander of the fort, and in a few days were very happy to depart by stage for San Diego; though I, myself, during my stay, had seen but one man draw a pistol on another—quite enough, I thought.

The residents are good horsemen; and the frontier is altogether too near. As Arizona City cannot be moved, nor Yuma either, and the frontier can be, and as the present three thousand-mile line should be reduced as much as possible, the shortest line between the two oceans should be sought and obtained as a police measure. At the same time, the coiling of the line should commence at the mouth of the Rio Grande.

The Yumas are still numerous, and are decidedly the noblest in appearance of all the river Indians. The Grecian bronze statues appear as if they had been moulded from them. As everywhere along the extensive frontier, the American and Mexican population find great difficulty in blending.

In Arizona City I was introduced to the school of Mr. Lopez, a man who has served many powers in many more battles. His school, I believe, is the only one in the place. He was instructing, from Spanish text-books of course, about twenty of the cleanest and brightest looking Mexican boys I have ever seen. There was no rod visible, but a six-shooter pistol showed itself on his person.

Before departing, I must cross the river and inform the commander of the fort, that twenty-five miles above, opposite Castle Dome, he will find a range, I think of porphyry, containing silver veins. In form, it is similar to the Veta Grande, and being in California, it is very desirable it should be explored.

Leaving Arizona City, we followed the river down six miles to a ferry. The ferryman being rather tardy in answering our call, we had time to examine the banks of the river. Here a horrid and disgusting sight meets one's eyes. Hundreds of Texas and Sonora cattle lie in every stage of decay; some are bare skeletons; others, of a more recent death, repose as if chewing their cud. They have been mired in crossing into California. Yet the business is profitable they say, particularly from Sonora, with the duty and all the death.

This passage on the ferry completed our navigation of the Colorado. From the river, we took seats in the stage to San Diego. Forty-eight hours through a country interesting, though entirely destitute of beauty, would bring us to the smell of the sea. The desert proper, here nar-

rows down to a width of one hundred miles. About sixty miles from Yuma we crossed what is called the New River, where the water backs up nearly to La Paz. The Arizonans are in lively hopes that one day a freak of the Colorado, in choosing this as its channel, will cut a large slice from California and join it to their territory. At one of the stations we were told that the surveyors on the 32° parallel road had reported all that part of the desert to be twenty feet lower than tide-water—high or low tide they did not say. The hostlers also pointed triumphantly to the immense number of oyster shells strewn over the ground to maintain their theory of this having once been the bottom of the sea, and, Lesseps-like, advanced the idea that through a short canal to the Gulf, thousands of square miles can be flooded again, and steamers be run over them. We suggested this to be the best disposal of the whole country. "But, gentlemen, see, property would be destroyed." We gazed around; there was nothing in the range of our vision to relieve the glaring sand, save a ton of foreign hay and a badly constructed stable.

About mid-way to San Diego we drove into a granite cañon, and during the fifteen miles of a rather stiff ascent, were often sadly reminded that we traveled in the rear of a herd of cattle suffering through want of water. One maddened steer that had dropped behind, quite unpleasantly interrupted our observation of some hieroglyphics, by an utterly unprovoked attack. Most of them were much quieter; some had been

pounced upon by the Cohillas—the Indians inhabiting this desolate region, and composing a sort of penal settlement.

Over the summit, which is perhaps two thousand feet high, across a broken granite country, bearing scrubby junipers, a sight of a salt lake in Lower California, and we entered some mountain meadows containing a little water, and the herd of cattle grazing, whose ladders we had passed. In this region no veins of value have been discovered, nor will be.

The road has too many sections in Mexican territory to be traveled with comfort. At a station on the Lower California part of the line, about sixty miles before reaching San Diego, some large and fine oaks gladdened our sight after our long absence from all such trees. The proprietor of the station informed us that they stand in quite an extensive strip of good land; the greater portion of which, however, is in Lower California; a valley having an outlet on the sea, and as is usual, two claimants for the same tract.

At the stopping-posts they charge a dollar a meal, and tell you that if you prefer ham to their own rusty bacon, you must bring it with you. One meets with a vast deal of such harmless humor on the eastern and southern frontier of California.

In due time, San Diego, to our great satisfaction, hove in sight; but on the outskirts we encountered so many men with blankets on their backs, and everyone moving in the same direction, that we could not resist making the inquiry: "where are you all bound?" They were "foot-

ing it" to the new diggings, at a station on the road where we had spent a couple of hours the night before. Although the landlord and the guests were very communicative on all other matters, they had not spoken a word about their gold discoveries.

In San Diego we found the man who had imparted the secret to those we had met on the road, and who had some specimens in his pocket, which he feared would not justify the high expectations of the prospectors. He appeared to be very sorry for having revealed the affair and caused an excitement.

I examined the new town of San Diego, and was pointed out the locality of the old one. Near the latter stood the old mission; and now the mission orchard, kept in fine order, flourishes in an exuberance of olives, oranges, lemons, and other fruits congenial to a warm climate. This orchard plainly demonstrates how productive will be the lands of the neighborhood when devoted to a proper culture. A stream of running water, which we passed about thirty miles back on the road, can easily be conducted along the down grade to the new town.

In all the sections, from the desert to San Diego, the mountains are granitic, but appear not to be metaliferous. To my mind, there are greater hopes of discovering tin than any other metal. In an easterly direction, therefore, the resources of the port of San Diego are rather limited; but this safe harbor is admirably situated as a base for the development of Lower California, at least the western half of the peninsula, and

will thus probably form a valuable auxiliary port to San Francisco. The San Diego river, which falls into the bay, being usually dry, vessels procure water on a piece of sandy land, within the harbor, containing two springs, and belonging to Aspinwall, Halleck, Peachy, Billings, and Park. Excellent fish are caught in the bay.

To compare the port to that of San Francisco, is like contrasting a fair-sized duck pond to San Diego harbor. A parallel comparison may be drawn as to resources.

Having returned to San Francisco by the ship *Moses Taylor*, this sketch of my trip is brought to an end.

HISTORY OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, S. J.

(NUMBER TWO.)

IN March, 1851, Father John Nobili came to Santa Clara, and in July following opened the college for the reception of students. Compared with some of the great educational establishments of the East, both in America and Europe, Santa Clara College is indeed young. It should be remembered, however, that California herself, reckoning from the year 1849, when the first great rush was made to her gold fields, has barely reached her majority. Age is not always a synonym of prosperity. Old people often fear to face their own wrinkles in a mirror, for it tells them that life's summer has turned, or is turning, into the "sere and yellow leaf" of autumn. Old institutions not unfrequently wax heavy and unwieldy, like aged persons just before they arrive at "utter childishness and mere oblivion." Santa Clara College, to say the least, has all the freshness and vigor of youth about her, and is fast tending to indefinite and boundless development.

At the time when the College was founded, the whole country around was one vast pasture ground, on which grazed numerous herds of cattle, almost wild. Fences seldom obstructed the course of the horseman as he ranged over the vast plain. The beautiful valley of Santa Clara, where now are smiling vineyards and fields of waving grain, and gardens, and orchards, and stately mansions, exhibited few signs of civilized life. The houses were built in the earthquake style of architecture. They were mostly only one story high, made of mud, commonly called *adobe*. The walls were six or seven feet thick, so that they would be almost as high when they fell down as when standing. A wooden or brick house was a curiosity. The original Santa Clara College consisted of several of these adobe buildings. One of them, where now is the College parlor, had served for the residence of the clergyman who had charge of the mission; another, where at present are the re-

fectories of the professors and students, had been used as a stable. The building on Alviso street, between the church and the new hall, was occupied by a native Californian as a house of entertainment, and called the "California Hotel," and this name it still bears among the students. The adobe still standing on the corner of the college grounds, towards San José, was used, previous to the advent of Father Nobili, as a fandango, or dancing house. Even the present play-ground of the college was covered with adobe edifices, the remains of an Indian village.

Father Nobili was almost entirely destitute of human means when he began his great and glorious work at Santa Clara. An institution of learning to succeed, must have either rich endowments or a large spirit of self-sacrifice on the part of her regents and professors. It would be better to have both. Endowments of any kind, whether from the State or private individuals, Santa Clara College never had; but in zeal for the education of youth, and in a generous spirit of self-sacrifice on the part of her guardians and teaching corps, she may well challenge the world. Father Nobili had one hundred and fifty dollars only to commence with. One-third of this sum was a present from our present beloved Archbishop Alemany, who, himself, when he first took possession of his see, was in

want of means to help the charitable institutions of his vast diocese.

The room now known as the college parlor, was the first study-hall, dormitory, and class-room of the primitive Santa Clara College, yet sixteen students contrived to make themselves comfortable and happy therein. The students seem to have been animated with the spirit of their founder. They grumbled not, neither did they complain of what might seem to us hard times. They were Californians, "and to the manner born." They had already experienced the severe privations of the pioneer's life, and were inclined to look on the bright side of things.

Philip, our present college baker, —and a most excellent one he is too— who was the first cook of the infant institution, records, among his culinary experiences, that he had managed to prepare very palatable beefsteak with water only—lard and butter having been luxurious beyond the reach of the self-forgetting man who gave this college an existence. On feast days, he says, when they could be obtained, he occasionally made use of tallow candles, in order to make the food more palatable. He furthermore affirms that his whole cooking utensils consisted of one single kettle, in which he used to make the soup, boil the meat, and cook the vegetables. This kettle was hung under a rude shed, near the place where is now the fish-pond and fountain.

ARISTODEMUS.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ARISTODEMUS, *alone*.

Aristodemus. Though my frail life should drag on through eternity,
My sorrows would outlast it. O! dread gods!
Vouchsafe me constancy to bear this burden.
Let not my too rash hand in frenzied mood,
Swift hurl me o'er destruction's giddy verge,
Nor drag weak reason from her tottering throne.
What say I—reason? Ah! 'twere better far,
And surely less my woe, if it were wanting.
And yet, how easy 'twere to still these pangs;
But one quick thrust would calm my bleeding heart,
And grief would fly before the dagger's point.
Away! rash thought! I cannot hark to thee,
Though I am sorely tried. Remorseless shade,
Canst thou not soften? Wilt thou ne'er forgive?
Look on me now with pity. I have erred,
But am I not thy sire, and thou my child,
Who hourly dost distress and madden me?

Enter GONIPPUS.

Gonippus. Ill it befits thee, sire, to thus bewail,
While all Messene is distract with joy
For this great boon of peace. Come, haste away
From this chill, sorrowful place, and show thyself
In calmer aspect to the grateful people.
With joyful shouts they long to greet their king,
And call him father.

Aristodemus. Ah! that hallowed name,
I once in gladness bore; and seemed to feel
My heart beat warmer at its magic sound;
Now hath it fled forever from my grasp.
Nature conferred on me that sacred name,
But I in blindness flung the gift away.

Gonippus. Let it not move thee, for from this time hence
The gods shall grant a flow of sunnier days.

Aristodemus. Methought not wholly lost that blest name was ;
 And often fancied, by Theonis' side,
 To hear again that tender soothing call.
 Alas! the heart of the remorseful wretch
 Seeks ever to expand beneath its burden,
 And swoons away in momentary happiness.
 Or this mayhap is the attendant woe,
 That waits on feeble and declining years.
 Oft times a sweet sad strain, makes me to feel
 Keenly my children's loss, and fills my heart
 With eager yearnings towards them. Can it be,
 Some god calls forth these unaccounted throbs?
 I know but this, that with Theonis near,
 The horrors of my mind sink into quiet ;
 A secret joy illumines my gloomy soul,
 Quelling remorse, and drying up the tears
 That well out from the heart's torn depths. Ah ! me !
 A little hence, and the sweet transient vision
 Will vanish from my gaze.

Gonippus. If thou dost wish
 That young Theonis should not part from thee,
 Detain him here, and hasten thou meanwhile
 To supplicate Taltibius.

Aristodemus. Nay ! friend,
 Think'st thou a lonely sire, whose mortal days
 Speed quickly to their end, with scarcely strength
 To once embrace his child ere he expires,
 Would grant so much ? Nay ! thou art not a sire,
 And cannot know a parent's depth of love.
 How glad the presence, how ill-borne the absence
 Of our loved offspring. What sweet floods of joy,
 What thrilling transports fill the father's heart,
 To greet his son returning. Round his neck
 With wild delight, the feeble arms are clasped,
 And long he folds him in that close embrace—
 Weeping glad tears. How many know those pleasures,
 Which wrathful heaven has closed on me forever.

Gonippus. Divert thy soul with things of weighty import ;
 Rest not thy mind upon those painful thoughts,
 Lest thou provoke to rage the powerful gods
 Who seem appeased, though thou art blind to it.

I fear that thou dost magnify thy woe.
 Thou hast, 'tis true, offended heaven much,
 Yet well thou know'st if man in frailty sins,
 The gods in mercy pardon.

Aristodemus. Ay! Gonippus,
 But as I know full well, they punish too.
 I keenly feel my griefs are not yet ended.
 O mountains of Ithome! Sacred banks
 Of roaring Ladon, and divine Pamisus!
 No more shall ye resound to martial songs,
 Or shouts triumphal. Regal palaces!
 House of the brave Erærides! still stained,
 Still clotted o'er with blood of innocents,
 Tremble with horror! Crumble on the head
 Of an accursed sire; and in your ruin hide
 My shame and crime forever.

Gonippus. Ay! my king;
 Constrain thy soul to dwell on happier thoughts,
 Nor irritate thy wounds by gloomy memories.

Aristodemus. O! faithful friend, how will this burdened mind
 Silence the voice of conscience. Be not grieved,
 Forgive me, if too oft I tell my woes;
 But the heart joys in handling of its wounds—
 And mine are in the galling recollection
 Of my lost child. Rememb'rest thou Cleontes?

Gonippus. To what good purpose, lord.

Aristodemus. Dost thou recall
 That doleful day, when to Eumeus' hands
 I trusted my heart's pride? This is the spot,
 And this the fatal door. Thou too wast present,
 Mingling thy sympathetic tears with mine.
 The tender babe screamed loudly in its fear,
 And with wild sobs clung closely to my bosom.
 That hour looms up before my crazéd vision
 With painful vividness. See'st it not, Gonippus.

Gonippus. Too well! too well! my liege, do I recall it.

Aristodemus. Methinks I see him, and his voice I hear.

Oh! hour of agony! Three several times
 Did I essay to tear him from my arms,
 And thrice again did press him to my heart,
 Breathing hot kisses on his infant cheeks;
 The last caress, alas! I e'er might give.
 My heart foreboding ill instinctive bled.
 Oh! had I hearkened to that warning presage,
 Death's iron hand would not have snatched my boy.
 Unhappy son! still would'st thou joyful live,
 And with thy presence solace my sad life;
 Nor ever would those beauteous lineaments,
 Breathe in a Spartan face to torture me;
 Nor I be crushed in brooding o'er thy loss.
 Now worthy friend, I ask of thee this service:
 Spare me the torture of an interview;
 Let me not see the lad when he departs.

Exit GONIPPUS on one side, as THEONIS enters at the other.

Theonis. Go without seeing thee? Are these thy words?

Aristodemus. Why art thou come at so ill timed an hour,
 Thou fatal object of my soul's affection?
 Was it not best we should avoid each other,
 And shun the bitter pangs that must attend
 On partings, such as ours?

Theonis. Could I do else?
 Could I forsake thee so ungratefully
 Without a parting word; a last farewell,
 To soothe the bitterness of separation,
 And with the memory cheer my saddened life?

Aristodemus. For me there is no hope of future peace;
 Within the dark recess of yonder vault
 My heart is buried. Her I held most dear—
 But whom to think of almost maddens me—
 Is there entombed.

Theonis. Thy sorrow moves me much,
 But nature sends it; and her just decrees
 We will not dare gainsay; but let thy heart
 Not bleed for aye, above this soulless dust.

Aristodemus. Nay! Nay! Eternity would be too short

To expiate my guilt. Let me then weep.
By plenteous tears my soul will be refreshed—
Avenging Heaven has left me but this solace.

Theonis. Doth not compassionate Heaven in thee revere,
A father's, patriot's, sovereign's virtue.

Aristodemus. What mean'st thou boy?

Theonis. Moved by a patriot's zeal,
Did'st thou not for Messene's common good,
Part with thine only daughter—

Aristodemus, (aside.) Gracious gods!
What hideous memories would he recall?

Theonis. And rudely torn from the paternal breast,
Give her young life up to the eager axe?

Aristodemus, (aside.) What furies breathe in his unconscious ear,
Those words that pierce into my troubled soul?

Theonis. When was an act more noble e'er recorded?
Where lives the hero that could be thy fellow?
But tell me, wast thou present at the sacrifice?

Aristodemus. Yes! Yes! I was.

Theonis. And did'st thou see her bound,
And helpless carried to the fatal altar?

Aristodemus. Stay! Stay! rash youth. Thy words like edged steel,
Remorseless pierce my very soul.

Theonis. Let the thought
That virtue moved thee, comfort thy affliction.
This balm can ne'er desert thee in misfortune.
Love of thy people, kingdom, power and fame,
Will likewise serve to cheer thee when depressed.

Aristodemus. What?—Kingdom—Oh! if from their lifeless dust
The dead might speak to us, then wouldst thou see
The beggar happier than the crownéd slave;
Then wouldst thou know that 'tis to punish crime
Heaven sends to us the crown and sceptre.

Theonis. The regal crown is often the reward
Of manly virtues. Thus it truly was
When it encircled thy deserving head.

Aristodemus. Cease ! thoughtless child. You cause me nameless pain.
Much does thy lenient judgment do thee honor ;
Thou knowest not the man thou hast be-praised.
If I am now possessor of a throne,
Would to the gods that I had ne'er attained it.
A myriad times more blest is he whose care
Is but to rule his guileless progeny ;
His only throne, their loving trustful hearts—
Nature's blest monarch. How I envy such,
When gazing on my own sad, desolate state.
Let me weep here, beside this speechless urn.
Go ! Leave me to my abject loneliness.

Theonis. Shall I forsake thee in so sad a plight ?

Aristodemus. So it behooves me ; now the time is come,
When we should make our parting. Never more
While life bides with us, can we hope to meet.
Weep not my son ; weep not dear Theonis.
May the gods pity thee, and dry thy tears.

Theonis. Oh ! how can I survive this fatal hour ?

Aristodemus. Farewell ! Farewell ! thou too much cherished youth.
Greet in my name thy happy, happy sire.
And when he asketh thee how thou hast fared,
And thou shalt see him bending from his couch,
To press thee warmly in a fond embrace,
Gazing upon thee with a father's pride,
His weak voice trembling with its full emotion ;
Then shalt thou tell him how I cherished thee ;
Tell him the chain of tender pure affections
That sweetly blended our congenial souls.
Then speak to him of my untimely fall ;
Speak of my gloomy life, and let a sigh,
Break sometimes on the smoothness of thy tale.
Once more, fond boy, farewell !

Theonis. Where dost thou go ?
Stay thee, come back.

Aristodemus. Hast thou aught more to say?

Theonis. O! Gods! I know not what—stay! do not go.

Aristodemus. Theonis.

Theonis. Sire.

Aristodemus. I can resist no longer.
Come to my bosom. O! delight ineffable!
This is the bliss of Heaven. Yet, 'tis not new,
I once before have tasted it. O! Gods!
Thou dost commingle sweets, but to redouble
The torments I endure. Merciless fate,
Why wilt thou ever seek to cheat me thus?
Go! Go! Theonis. 'Twas an evil impulse,
That led me to embrace thee. Hence! Away!

Theonis. Nay! hear me.

Aristodemus. Hence! I say.

Theonis. What; rage?

Aristodemus. Away!
A hand relentless is between our hearts,
Driving us far asunder. Go! farewell!

Theonis. A moment only?

Aristodemus. Nay! e'en now 'tis late.
Farewell! May heaven speed thee.

Exit ARISTODEMUS.

Theonis. Nay! I pray you—
He hastes away wild with his poignant grief;
And shall I dare to leave him, or forget
His watchful cares, and all those pleasing memories?
No! No! I cannot. Who art thou, strange man,
That thou should'st hold dominion o'er my heart,
And so disturb its peace?

Enter LYSANDER AND PALAMEDES.

Lysander. We seek for thee, Theonis.
All is now ready, and we wait but thee.

Theonis. Let us defer, Lysander, our departure.
 The monarch is at such a pitch of grief,
 As makes me fear all evils possible.
 To leave him would be worst ingratitude,
 And needless cruelty ; since he so loved me,
 And favored me so highly.

Lysander. I came hither,
 As Sparta's envoy, to convey her message.
 Her Senate eager waits to hear the issue,
 And much would I be blamed for loitering here.
 If thou dost wish, remain ; but thy poor sire,
 Will sorely grieve to find thou art not come ;
 And his pierced soul will groan in its distress.

Theonis. Think'st thou so, Lysander.

Lysander. The shock will kill him.

Theonis. Then let compassion on my sire prevail ;
 The gods, I trust, will guard this gloomy king.

Palamedes, (aside to Lys.) See now, my friend, how barbarous thou art.

Lysander, (aside to Palamedes.) Peace, fool ! Do not forget thy promises,
 Or strive as best thou may'st to screen thy weakness.

Enter GONIPPUS.

Gonippus. Receive, good friends, my last adieu. Farewell !
 Farewell ! Theonis, and thou Palamedes.
 Think oft of me. Remember my grim lord,
 Of whom I fear sad news will overtake you.

Theonis. Nay ! Speak not thus. The deities that watch
 O'er monarchs and their virtue, will protect him.
 How is he now employed ; does he say aught ?

Gonippus. He sits in silence, brooding o'er his woes.
 Still as a marble image ; his strong arms are crossed.
 Sadly his vacant wistful gaze is fixed
 Staringly, on the earth ; and oftentimes
 The tears stream out from his discolored orbs ;
 Then, as though startled from a heavy sleep,
 He springs up suddenly, and shifts about
 Handling or striking without aim or reason,

Now one thing, now another. Speak to him,
He stares, but makes no answer.

Theonis. Wretched man,
His drear misfortunes claim my warmest pity.

Gonippus. In vain I tried to rouse him from that stupor,
By rushing rudely with full force against him ;
But he like one distraught, asked who I was.
And when I answered him, amid my tears,
And begged that he would strive to calm his mind,
He fiercely scowled, and cried in furious mood,
“Begone ! Begone ! accursed lying knave.
Dost speak to me of peace ?” And raging thus,
He hurled me roughly back, and turned away.
Yet stayed I there, exhorting and consoling,
And when his sense by slow degrees returned,
He clasped me in his arms, called me his friend,
And beg’d my pardon in a burst of tears—
Which soothed and calmed the horrors of his mind.
We, both wept loudly ; and now plenteous tears
Have raised the leaden burden from his heart,
And he appears more tranquil ; and would know
Whether or not Theonis yet be gone,
And but to please him I have hither come.

Theonis. Therefore, return to him, and tell him this :
That thou thyself, hast witnessed my departure.
But Heaven knows the pangs my bosom feels !
Say to thy lord, Theonis craves but this :
That he be happy. Let him place his trust,
With firm reliance, on the bounteous gods,
And learn to bear with patience their inflictions.
Do thou, Gonippus, guide and solace him.
To thy wise care and counsel I commend him.

Gonippus. I feel my heart more warmly plead for him,
Than ever could thy pitying boyish lips.

Theonis. Yes, I believe, and well can understand
From my own bitter feelings. Tell thy king
To think sometimes of me. I shall remember *him*,
While my lone spirit animates this clay.

Gonippus. Thy every wish shall be with care fulfilled.

Exit GONIPPUS.

Lysander. Our every moment here but adds a pang
To the deep grief of parting.

Theonis. Then let's away.

Lysander. Ho ! Palamedes !

Palamedes. I am here with thee.
(*aside*) Still do I doubt, if I should keep my silence,
Or break the loathsome promise.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE II.

Enter GONIPPUS followed by ARISTODEMUS.

Gonippus, (musing.) Gentle soul !
How glad thy tender words of sympathy,
How sweet thy charm on minds depressed with care !
(*to Aristodemus.*) At length my liege, Theonis has departed
But not without much weeping and great sorrow.

Aristodemus. I would he had not gone, for in my soul,
I had a secret powerful reason
For seeing him again ; yet 'tis best so.
Gonippus, a great war is raging in this breast.

Gonippus. I trust it soon will end. Let not thyself
Be so much weakened by these inward pains.
Arouse thy manhood, and with inborn strength
Drive hence these hideous thoughts.

Aristodemus. Loved friend,
Tell me what thou dost think of my condition ;
Am I not truly wretched ?

Gonippus. All are wretched,
We all have secret woes.

Aristodemus. Ay ! sage old man.
We have no other boon than death.

Gonippus. What ! Death !

Aristodemus. Ay! certainly. What else than death gives peace.
'Tis not so fearful as our fancy paints it.

Gonippus. My liege, you know not what you say.

Aristodemus. I do ;
And deem it sweet to die, since 'tis the end
Of mortal suffering.

Gonippus. What dost thou say?
Sure this is madness.

Aristodemus. List thee, aged friend,
While I unveil my mind. Let me beseech thee,
Let not a shade of grief becloud thy brow.
But one more sun shall mark the passing day,
When 'neath the sod—

Gonippus. The *sod*, what canst thou mean?
These words have pierced my soul.

Aristodemus. Why art thou pained,
My more than brother? Cease this idle grief.
Ill pleased am I to see thee bathed in tears,
For one so little worthy. Let my fate
Be now endured, and let the heav'nly orbs
That mark our life course, now at length decline.
The sun that from his lofty eminence
Looks down o'er all my grandeur, shall to-morrow
Search vainly for me through the royal palace,
And shall find nothing but the stone above me ;
And this thou too shalt see.

Gonippus. Nay! Nay! my lord.
Speak not so wildly. From thy head drive out
Such frightful follies.

Aristodemus. Nay! trusty servant.
But it were folly's climax to bear life
When it becomes a burden.

Gonippus. Whate'er it be,
It is the gift of Heaven.

Aristodemus. Well! be it so.

I give it back, since it but makes me sad.

Gonippus. Whence hast thou gotten such a right, my king?

Aristodemus. My miseries—

Gonippus. Bear them courageously.

Aristodemus. I *did* endure them till my courage sank,
Not being proof 'gainst such adverse attacks.
Sorrow o'ercame my manhood, and I yielded.

Gonippus. Hast thou resolved?

Aristodemus. To die.

Gonippus, Dost thou reflect
That thou thus trespasseth on Heaven's dominion?
That thou dost sin against both gods and men,
Thus adding to the score of thy misdeeds?

Aristodemus. Thou speakest friend, with a clear tranquil heart.
And canst not guess how grievous is my burden.
For ne'er didst thou with murderous, deadly aim,
Thrust the stern sword into a daughter's heart.
Nor buy a kingdom with her virgin life-blood.
Thou little know'st how heavy is the crown
Obtained through blood, and guilt, and treachery.
Thy rest is calm; thou art not nightly roused
By strange sepulchral groans; thou never seest
In frightful aspect near, a shrouded form,
Oft chasing, even touching thee.

Gonippus. Great gods!
When wilt thou cease to prate of spectres?
Divest thee of these idle groundless fears,
And view things in a calmer, wiser way.

Aristodemus. Could I but tell how fearful is this vision,
Thy hoary locks with fear would stand upright,
And terror seize on every quivering nerve.

Gonippus. Where is the mortal power whose might can break
Through nature's order and the infernal barrier,
And drag from thence the dead? If there be such,
Why wield such giant power?

Aristodemus. To make us tremble.
It is no dream, for I myself have seen it
Clear and distinct, and with these blood-stained hands—
But stop! Why tell it, 'tis too painful.

Gonippus. Shall I believe?

Aristodemus. Nay! Credit naught, I was delirious.
'Twas but a dream; place not your trust in it.
Avenging spirit! grim, appalling shade!
Slain Dirces! Daughter! from within thy tomb
I hear thee moaning. Peace! I will avenge thee.
Dost thou not fear, Gonippus, those strange sounds?
They make my limbs to quake.

Gonippus. Oh! my poor sire.
I know scarce what to say. Thy every word
Is so much like to truth, my soul is awed.
Is this tomb, then, the house of some lost shade?
How didst thou see it, or detect its groans?
Tell, tell me everthing?

Aristodemus. Be this the last
Of mortal horrors thou shalt hear from me.
As thou beholdest me, so oft I gaze
Upon the phantom of my slaughtered Dirces,
All gashed and bloody, as when last I saw her;
And in the deep of night, when all is still,
And I alone muse by my midnight lamp,
The light grows quickly dim; and as I raise
My reddened eyes, a hideous shape appears,
Standing with angry threatening mien,
Within the ample doorway. It is wrapt
In a funereal garb; the very mantle
That shrouded Dirces, when she was entombed.
The hair, thick clotted still with dust and blood,
Falls loosely o'er its face, and thus half screening,
Adds to its aspect terrible. I scream,
And strive to veil elsewhere my eyes; but lo!
It takes its stand again, close by my side,
And glares on me in fury. Then, again,
Pushing the matted hair from off its face,
It opes the robe, and points—Oh! loathsome sight!
To the torn breast, deep sullied with corruption,

And still exuding blood. In fear I strive to fly ;
 But it pursues and presses hard upon me,
 And then methinks I feel the broken heart
 Beat warm beneath my hand ; and that dread touch
 Causes my hair to rise and stand erect.
 I spring away ; but grasping firm my arm,
 The spectre drags me to this lonely tomb,
 And crying, "I await thee," disappears.

Gonippus. Whether thy tale be true, or but the product
 Of thy disturbed and feverish fancy,
 I shudder as I listen. Wretched man !
 Thy woes indeed are great, but thou the more
 Should strive to overcome them. Conquer fear !
 To every ill present a dauntless front.
 Avoid this vault, that thou may'st quell the tumult
 That rages in thy mind. Shake off this languor,
 And dissipate the sadness of thy spirits.
 Depart Messene. Traverse foreign climes ;
 Visit great nations, and their manners study.
 Thus in a myriad ways, thou may'st distract
 Thy overburdened soul from off these thoughts.
 What dost thou think, my lord ? Ah ! Gracious Heaven !
 What would'st thou now, imprudent man ?

Aristodemus.

To enter here.

Gonippus. Into the tomb—Stay ! Stay ! Do not tempt Heaven.

Aristodemus. I will confront my ghastly midnight visitor,
 And hush its voice, or perish in the trial.

Gonippus. I pray thee, lord, to listen.

Aristodemus.

What dost fear ?

Gonippus. For thy racked fancy. Come ! divert thy mind.

Aristodemus. Nay ! hope it not.

Gonippus. But what, should it be true
 That here a spectre dwells ?

Aristodemus. I will not fear,
 For I too oft have seen it.

Gonippus. But what wouldst thou?

Aristodemus.

To speak to it.

Gonippus. Attempt it not, my liege.

Aristodemus. Though the most fearful evils should attend,
Yet will I dare confront that dreaded spectre.
I seek to know why crimes so well avenged,
After such dire remorse, in vain seek pardon.
I fain would know its will. Let Heav'n then speak,
And teach me what is yet required of me.

Gonippus. Nay ! Nay ! Turn back ! What frenzy seizes thee.

End of ACT III.

THE STORY OF GLENCOE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE hall was quite large, rather scantily furnished, and hung around upon the walls were broad-swords, shields and bucklers, covered with rust, dim and dusty with age. The scene was a striking one, and very picturesque. Sitting upon benches about a raised platform, where behind a desk stood the Earl of Breadalbane, were the chieftains of the Highland clans. Their faces were rough and sun-browned, yet evincing a high degree of intelligence. Many were young and in all the fire of youth, while others, whose silver locks were as white as the snow, presented a grave and venerable appearance. Yet their eyes were keen, and their countenances showed an unconquerable spirit and determination. Conspicuous among the chieftains, both for his majestic appearance and his rich dress, was Macdonald of Glencoe, known by the hereditary appellation of M'Ian. It was indeed a novel sight to see these storm-beaten warriors in their many colored tartans and plaids, with their heavy swords hanging at their sides, listening attentively to the speech of the politic and smooth-tongued Earl. With all his grace and ease the Earl set forth to them the kindness of his majesty, who now offered to quiet them with the sum of £150,000. He spoke of the king's generosity—for the sum

given was one of great magnitude to men who drew their sustenance from the barren hills of Scotland. At length came the division of the money, and now the scene grew very animated. Each chieftain wished for more of the money than could be given. Glengeary was most loud in his pretensions, but none were more haughty than M'Ian. For a time the debate waxed hot, swords flashed from their sheaths, and it was some moments before quiet was restored. Again the different chieftains rose, and set forth their claims, and soon a whisper went through the hall that Breadalbane was trying to cheat both them and the king. The hate and distrust they all felt towards the Earl made them readily believe this report, and when the Earl attempted to reconcile the interests of all parties, M'Ian arose and poured forth such a strain of eloquence as to completely frustrate all the efforts of the Earl.

Now the grave question arose, whether the money was to be paid to the discontented chiefs, or retained by Argyle for the claims he had upon them. But whenever the Earl hoped his plan was accomplished, a murmur would run through the hall; and M'Ian finally arose, for the second time, and denounced the Earl's plan, giving weighty reasons against it, carrying conviction to all assembled.

The Earl, quivering under this attack, forgot in the moment his dignity and smoothness, and, towering in rage, he demanded total restoration from M'Ian for the numerous herds which his followers had driven from his lands. This at once broke up all order—the chieftains drew their swords, and in a moment all the Earl's plans, and the success which he had thought certain, were dashed to the ground. M'Ian was met at the door by his two sons and Hubert, and, saying not a word, conducted them to the court-yard. There the different chieftains were making ready to depart. Loud and angry menaces were uttered against the Earl, and as the clansmen collected at the notes of the pibroch, a large body of Breadalbane's retainers was drawn up in front of the gates. Fearing violence, M'Ian ordered them to keep close, and with drawn swords to ride on. Slowly the different bands rode away, and then passed the Glencoe men. The Earl's retainers looked upon them fiercely, and only when far up in the mountains did the chieftain feel safe. They rode on for some days, in fear of pursuit, and now again they came in sight of Glencoe, and spurred up to the gates.

Hubert's heart beat fast as he espied at one of the windows the fair Laura. They were graciously received by the old butler, and once more they sank into the stillness and quiet of the mansion. The friendship which Hubert felt towards Laura now gradually ripened into an intimacy which he felt was beyond his control, and daily he spent the most pleasant hours in her society. To-

gether they rambled over the rocks, sang and read together, and now his eyes seemed opened to all her charms, and daily his passion grew and grew, till he became, as it were, her shadow. The old chieftain saw Hubert's attachment to his daughter, and also perceiving that she was not adverse to his advances, he opposed it not. The old chieftain meanwhile received several visits from other Highland lairds, and often did his hall become a scene of animated debate. He urged them not to submit to the Earl, he exhorted them to remember the names of their race, and in every instance the Earl's further measures to open a reconciliation were unavailing; and thus thwarted by M'Ian, his hate and rage increased tenfold against him. Meanwhile the Highlands grew more quiet, the chieftains again renewed their sports, and quietly awaited the measures of the king against them.

CHAPTER VII.

It is to a large and handsomely furnished mansion in Edinburgh that we now transport our reader. In a small private room, by a table, sit two personages with whom we are already acquainted—Sir John Dalrymple, the Master of Stair, and Lord Argyle.

"Think you, Sir John, that the Earl will be successful in his negotiations with the chieftains?"

"I know these men too well, Argyle. They are obstinate, and, trust me, will ask for more gold than can be given."

"I hear also, Sir John, that Macdonald of Glencoe has of late been making raids on Breadalbane's lands, and sweeping off his cattle, to which he claims a right."

"Yes, curse him," muttered Dalrymple, "he is a bitter foe, but we'll crush him yet; aye, though blood will flow."

"It is now some time since the Earl left us, and I received dispatches from him yesterday, saying he would be here to-day. I expect him every moment, for he is generally very punctual. Ah! indeed, I think that his treaty will be a failure; but then we have the proclamation that will bring to us fast enough. Hark! I hear footsteps; it may be the Earl."

A moment after the door opened, and the Earl of Breadalbane entered.

"Ha! Argyle, how are you? You, too, John; glad to see you all well."

"Welcome, Breadalbane!—welcome back to Edinburgh. But you must be hungry, and as we have not eaten dinner, we shall have it here."

"Most willingly; my appetite is sharp."

Argyle rose, and touching the bell, a servant entered.

"John, bring up our dinner, and some good wine, you dog."

The servant left, and their conversation went on.

"Well, Breadalbane, we are most anxious to hear of the success of your treaty. I hope you did not settle with the rebels."

"No, not exactly, Dalrymple," and the Earl's face wore a savage look; "things went on pretty smoothly till old M'Ian spoke, and the old hound, he put everything out. But here is John, with the dinner; let us not talk on empty stomachs."

The dishes were put down, and drawing their chairs up to the table, they commenced a hearty attack upon

the viands. In a little while the cloth was cleared, and wine went round.

"Well, well, Earl, let us have the rest of the story."

"You shall, Argyle, and it will be a bloody story soon. Well, old M'Ian put everything out, and then came that question, about which we were so fearful. They were hot-headed and obstinate. I tried all my arts of flattery and big promises, but it was of no use, for old M'Ian put me entirely out."

"Curse the dog," broke in Dalrymple. "But we will sum up yet, and he will pay dear for his words. Proceed, Earl."

"Now by this time I was about tired with all this roundabout play, so I went at it straight; but no use, for M'Ian again stopped me."

"Why didn't you scare the dog into silence?"

"No use; and at last I was so angry that I boldly demanded restoration from him for his raids upon my lands; and immediately they all left the hall."

"And so your treaty was a failure—an utter failure?"

"Yes, Argyle," and the Earl's face grew black with rage, and his brows contracted—"but I'll pay thee yet, Macdonald; there'll soon be a stop put to thy words; ay, I'll tear thy tongue from thy mouth;" and he gulped his wine at a swallow, and brought the glass down so fiercely that it shivered in pieces, and a large fragment struck his hand, cutting it deeply.

"Ha! blood, Breadalbane; bad omen."

"To the winds with your omens, Argyle; but if it is the first blood 'tis

not the last—ha ! ha ! ha !” and he laughed at his own jest, as though it were the best he had ever uttered.

“Your hate for M’Ian is as deep as mine, Earl,” said Dalrymple, “but mine is one that rests not till it sees them all put down—crushed !”

“Yes ; why should I not hate him and his whole tribe ? Our clans have always been at enmity. They have carried off my herds, ravaged my lands, burnt my houses, and now, to crown all his efforts, M’Ian has thwarted me in this important treaty, which would have raised us somewhat in funds. Now, though, comes the day, but not yet, not yet,” and he ground his teeth, and his fingers twitched convulsively.

“But come, my lords, now that our first measure hath failed ; that is, the king’s first measure, let us issue the proclamation. It will bring them to their senses quick enough,” said the Master of Stair.

“It would be better if this proclamation gave them shorter time to consider, for they will soon cool off, and we shall lose our prey.”

“Fear not, Argyle,” spoke Breadalbane ; “we shall not lose M’Ian. He will not take the oath—no, not he ; for his pride will keep him back, and we shall secure him. Then shall we pay him tenfold.”

“Come, come, Breadalbane, time will show. Read the proclamation as you have it drawn up.”

“To the Highland Chieftains :

I, King William of England, by the grace of God, do hereby issue this proclamation, that as ye, my vassals, have rebelled against my just authority, I do hereby proclaim that, unless ye take the oath of fealty by the first of Janu-

ary, ye shall be considered as outlaws, and my full rigor shall descend upon you.

Given under my hand and seal this day, at our palace, London. REX REGIS.”

“It is very good,” said Breadalbane, “and I know M’Ian will do his best to prevent the other chiefs’ taking of the oath. But as for him, we shall settle all ;” and rising from the table, he exclaimed, “Gentlemen, I have a toast to propose ; ‘Long life to King William, and death and confusion to all enemies in the Highlands !’” He drank with a cheer, and sat down again. By this time the sherry began to act on them, and especially on Argyle.

“This proclamation must be sent directly,” said Breadalbane, who was the coolest of the trio, “and posted in every district.”

“I will see to it,” cried Argyle, his eyes gleaming with alcoholic fire ; “trust me, they shall know it.”

CHAPTER VIII.

The chieftain M’Ian was slowly pacing his apartment in the castle at Glencoe. His head hung down upon his breast, and his whole appearance betokened deep thought. It was some days after the issuing of the proclamation concerning the oath, and M’Ian was thinking of the effect which it had on the Highland chieftains ; for some, with all their vassals, had taken the oath of allegiance to the king.

“So the proud Glengarry hath bent his neck to the yoke, eh ?” soliloquized the Chieftain, “and the rest will soon follow his example ; ay, even now, I heard that our neighbors had vowed their fealty. Shame

on them ; is there no true heart in them, that they thus give up their liberty ? I alone shall remain firm, and defy all their efforts. Hark ! what are those heavy steps ? It cannot be—no, alas !—it may be that Hubert hath been injured in the hunt. Woe is me ! the rash boy was too hot-headed ;” and, opening the door, he looked forth. His fears were realized. There, stretched upon a rudely-constructed litter, borne by four men, lay Hubert Morton, pale and wan, while the blood slowly dropped from his side. The chieftain knelt beside the litter, and, laying his hand upon Hubert’s heart, spoke :

“How came this, my men ?”

“Weel, sir,” answered one, “he was weel nigh the stag, and somehow, I dinna ken—weel, his horse took fright at the beast, and threw him fair down, in a lang hanch of stanes, and brause his side.”

“Take him to his chamber, quickly, and send Laura to me.”

The men obeyed, and in a few moments Laura came into the room, her face flushed with the haste, being somewhat surprised at the summons.

“Well, daughter, Hubert has been hurt in the hunt, and I fear fever will set in ; so you must nurse him.”

No sooner had this piece of news dropped from her father’s lips, than she uttered a low cry, and the blood forsook her cheeks ; and again at the mention of nursing him, the blood coursed back, and suffused her whole face. She left the room, and hastening to Hubert’s apartment, she took a chair, and sat beside the bed. A potion of simple herbs had been prepared ; and, as Laura was stirring it, he awoke from his light slumber, and gazed upon the angel ministering to him.

“Laura,” he exclaimed, “what is the matter—why am I here ?”

“Hush, Hubert ! you must not speak,” replied Laura ; and he again fell into a troubled, broken sleep.

[To be continued.]

IDLE NOTES.

"WHY did you choose such a queer title for your magazine?" "Your name impresses me very unfavorably"

We beg to refer you to the last leaf of our first number, not as in former times we used to send the inquisitive ones to a page half-way through Webster's spelling book, to be there confronted by some pert appellation; but for an explanation of our name. The owl is always called a wise bird—though we pretend not to his wisdom; he is grave, and gives no trouble to anyone, except occasionally, and then his language speaks volumes. One newspaper charges on us like Don Quixote's well-meant friend upon the misguided knight; another, in all good intention, though, always wonders and says it is on account of our printing the book by night ourselves—which we only did for a poor first number—now recalled. The scale by which we prize things, is by their very oddity and uniqueness. If some person should succeed in discovering one of those jewels in a toad's head, would he sell it to the British Museum? No indeed.

On a list of college journals reprinted in the *Cornell Era*, we are placed in San Francisco; and by another one, in San José—instead of Santa Clara.

The 9th of last month a friendly game of base ball was played on the plaza between the "Phoenix" club of the College and the "Eagles" of San Francisco. Almost the entire College was out to witness the game, which had been on the tapis for some time. The issue was a victory in favor of the "Eagles." They sent up their peculiar cheer, and, after refreshments, departed for San Francisco on the afternoon train.

A new club, the "Athletic," was organized a few days since upon the ruins of the "Ætna."

The new exhibition-hall progresses finely; the pilasters and cornices are now appearing on both the stories. Although the theatre presents a very roomy appearance indeed within, still from the last seat in the gallery the stage does not appear far removed. The height of the ceiling, and the open construction of the seats, will give the hall a pleasant, airy appearance. It is not to be employed for a chapel, as an exchange stated. The present chapel, roomy, and painted in fresco, was erected last summer.

The theatre will be in readiness for next Commencement exercises: meanwhile the old house, which has served its day well, has been dismantled of seats, partitions, and scenery, and is about to be demolished for the lumber it contains. The stage, ut-

terly empty, wears a lonely appearance, sorrowful to see.

The morning when the last timbers of the new frame were erected, the stars and stripes and a proposed flag of the College were raised over the hall, and in the afternoon the carpenters and other working men sat down to a grand dinner in the dining-hall. Report says that the table was handsomely laden and handsomely cleared.

Some eight or ten miles from town the College has purchased a piece of half hill, half valley land, for a villa. The situation is a delightful one, as those who know its shooting, mountain stream, and fine view of the valley, can testify. The short way thither places it within easy driving distance.

It is our sad duty to record the death of a recent student of the College—Samuel J. Tennent, of Contra Costa County. A sudden fall from a horse caused internal injuries, resulting, after several hours, in death.

The Philalethic and Philhistorian societies, having each on their shelves a photographic album, to preserve the features of their members, honorary

and active, will be very thankful to their honorary members, whose addresses are unknown, for their pictures. The Philalethic holds its meetings on Wednesday evenings; the Philhistorian on Friday evenings. They cordially invite honorary members in the vicinity to attend the meetings.

Omnibus rides appear to be becoming an institution. Three times, of late, an omnibus has been chartered to carry a number to San José, and over the vicinity. Now that the dust scarcely begins to rise, and the weather is so mild, the ride well repays the excursionist.

A bird's-eye view of Santa Clara has recently been published. The lithograph affords a view, not only of the town, but also a large part of the valley.

Since last issue, the *College Times*, *College Days*, *Cornell Era*, *Guardian Angel*, *McKendree's Repository*, *Georgia Collegian*, and *College Review* have added themselves to our exchange list. Many thanks to Mr. Waldteufel, of San José, for magazines and papers.

OLIO.

A touching instance of earnest prayer is recorded in a French magazine. The mother of a very poor, fatherless family, when the hour for food arrived, possessed not a crust to give her children. "My dear children," she said, "there is no food in the whole house. The good God who is looking down on us knows that my love would willingly give my life for you ; but I can no longer keep you from hunger. We must trust in God alone ; pray to St. Joseph, His father when on earth, and we shall be able to live."

Very sorrowfully the children took up their way to school. Passing a church, they entered. They fell before the altar, and the eldest, in her ordinary tone of voice, lifting her face to Heaven, exclaimed : "O, St. Joseph, Jesus' father, send food to us, or our mother and we must die." When they returned home their eyes danced at the sight of several loaves and other provisions. "O, mother!" they cried. "has St. Joseph been here?" "No, my dears," the mother replied, "but the mayor's lady was kneeling by a group of columns in the church, and though you did not see her, she heard you praying, and has brought us this relief."

During the war, a good story used to be told of a private in one of the Massachusetts regiments (the fourteenth, I think). It seems that his

captain was noted for his love of good things, and one day told the high private to go for some oysters ; also giving him, in his usual jocose way, the command—

"Don't come back without them."

Off went the man, and no more was seen of him for several days ; and the indignant and disappointed captain reported him a deserter, and gave him up as a "lost child." But, lo ! after the lapse of nine days the captain beheld his reported deserter, Bailey, coming into camp, leading in a train of four wagons, loaded with oysters. Approaching and respectfully saluting the amazed captain, Bailey reported—

"Here are your oysters, captain ; could not find any at Alexandria ; so I chartered a schooner, and made a voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk for them. There's about two hundred bushels ; where do you want them?"

Bailey, it seems, did really make the trip, hired his men, and sold oysters enough in Georgetown, before "reporting," to pay all expenses, and leave him a profit of a hundred and fifty dollars.

The two hundred bushels were divided among the regiment, and Bailey returned to his duty, as if nothing had transpired.

A man in Connecticut has just invented a potato-digging machine,

which is drawn by horses down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them into the cart, while the farmer walks alongside, whistling "Hail Columbia," with his hands in his pockets.

"Halloo, there, how do you sell wood?"

"By the cord."

"Pshaw! how long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"How dumb! I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

"See here, old fellow; you are too bright to live long."

A rustic swell was promenading with three young ladies, when, after some time, he took an orange from his pocket, and divided it into three pieces, gave one to each of the ladies. "You will deprive yourself of any," said they. "O, no!" he answered; "I have ten more in my pocket."

Harry S. Tottle, in the *Madisonensis*, makes points, one of which we quote, for the meditation of our student philosophers:

"The fact is, I am getting metaphysical. I have to guard against this in my style; I take to metaphysics easy. I like it better than all other physics. If there is any bliss for me on this earthly globe, it is the joy I experience in pursuing a lightly balanced idea along a chain of de-

pendent causes, through all its multitudinous ramifications, and having reached the ultima, by an agile and dextrous movement, grab the thousand links of enormous concatenation, and hurl them at some false theory. This little feat I am accustomed to perform every morning before breakfast, for exercise, and it invariably results in the overthrow of some delusive phantasm held by the great thinkers of past ages."

"Do you retail things here?" asked a green-looking specimen of humanity, as he poked his head into a drug store. "Yes, sir," replied the clerk, thinking he had got a customer. "Then I wish you would re-tail my dog—he had it bitten off about a month ago." And greeny strolled down the street, with one eye closed.

"Simon, did you ever take an emetic?" "Yes, one, and blow me if I would take another, if I could have it for nothing."

WHERE TO LIVE.—Good men, in Archangel; angry men, in Ireland; brokers, in Stockholm; cold men, in Chili; geometricians, in Cuba; horticulturists, in Botany Bay; wags, in the Bay of Fundy; perfumers, in Muscat or Cologne; brewers, in Malta; gluttons, in Turkey; beggars, in Hungary; mourners, in Siberia or Wales; confectioners, in Candia; children, in the Crimea; oil speculators, in Greece; gamblers, in the Faroe Isles; stumblers, in Tripoli.

TABLE OF HONOR.

The first place in each class for the month of MARCH, 1870, as read out on
FIRST WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6th.

Christian Doctrine—

- 1st Class—H. Peyton, D. G. Sullivan, A.
Kelly, P. Dunne, J. Judd, J.
Raleigh.
2d Class—Matthew Walsh.
3d Class—Juan Canelo.

Mathematics—

- 1st or highest class, ———
2d Class—W. Veuve.
3d Class—M. Walsh, H. Chappelet, P.
Byrne.

Ethics—J. McQuade.

Mental Philosophy—Chas. F. Wilcox, Jas. H. Campbell, P. L. Seamans.

Organic Chemistry—Henry Newhall.

Geology—R. S. Forbes.

Elementary Chemistry—P. L. Seamans.

Physics—Chas. F. Wilcox, P. L. Seamans, J. H. Campbell.

Greek—

- 2d Class—Frank Hubbard.
3d Class—J. H. Campbell, M. Wilson.
4th Class—S. Rhodes, W. Veuve.
5th Class—J. Price, H. Peyton.

Latin—

- 2d Class—F. Hubbard, A. Kelly, J.
Malone.
3d Class—J. McQuade, S. Rhodes.
4th Class—W. Veuve.
5th Class—H. Bowles, J. Price.

English—

- 1st Class—Rhetoric & Oratory—J. Malone.
2d Class—Rhetoric and Poetry—A. Forbes,
J. Johnson, P. Byrne, M.
Murray.
3d Class—H. Peyton, J. Poujade.
4th Class—E. Graves.
5th Class—E. Richardson, Thos. Tully,
R. Soto.

German—F. Pfister.

Spanish—

- 2d Class—J. Smith.
3d Class—Mason Wilson, P. L. Seamans.

French—

- 1st Class—Jos. Ghirardelli, Charles F.
Wilcox.
2d Class—W. Veuve.
3d Class—J. Poujade.

Italian—J. Radovich.

History—

- 1st Class—H. Newhall, James Byrne.
2d Class—J. Johnson.
3d Class—J. Atchison, H. Bowles, Jas.
Judd.
4th Class—W. Fallon, E. Graves, J.
Kennedy.
5th Class—J. Canelo, R. Soto, H. Chap-
pelet.

Geography—

- 1st Class—A. Kelly.
2d Class—W. Newhall, F. Pfister, J.
Johnson.
3d Class—H. Bowles, H. Peyton, Jas.
Judd.
4th Class—E. Graves, A. Levi, C. Levi.
5th Class—F. Stern, J. Byrne.

Arithmetic—

- 1st Class—W. Drown, J. Raleigh.
2d Class—J. Kifer, W. O'Sullivan, J. B.
Griffin.
3d Class—A. Raleigh.

Book-keeping—

- 1st Class—A. Levi, J. Johnson.
2d Class—M. Murray.
3d Class, 1st Div.—P. Dunne.
“ 2d Div.—J. Kennedy, J. Kifer,
R. Soto.

Table of Honor.

Reading—

- 1st Class—B. L. Burling, Louis Campbell.
“ 2d Div.—W. Marshall.
2d Class—A. Ralcigh, J. Kifer.

Orthography—

- 1st Class—J. Dunne.
“ 2d Div.—Julian Burling.
2d Class—E. Richardson.

Elocution—

- 1st Class—J. Malone, B. L. Burling, R. Cochrane.
2d Class—P. Byrne, A. Forbes, J. Price, M. Murray.
3d Class ———
4th Class—W. Marshall, A. Hill.
5th Class—J. Canelo, W. Whepley.

Penmanship—

- 1st Class—J. Canelo, J. Coddington.
2d Class—W. Fallon.
3d Class—John Byrne, D. Egan.

Flute—W. Newhall.

Brass Instrument—J. Ghirardelli.

Violin—

- 1st Div.—A. Lenz.
2d Div.—J. Burling.

Piano—

- 2d Class—L. Burling, F. Pfister.

Drawing—

- Linear, 1st Div.—J. Chretien.
2d Div.—W. Newhall, T. Cazeau, P. Donahue, J. M. Donahue.

Landscape—H. Peyton.

Figure—W. Marshall.

(Classes of the PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT are omitted.)

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